

time flies by Val-Creative

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Summary: Mr. Clarke meets El during her first day of high school.

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"Why hello there!"

It's a warm, autumn morning, and Mr. Clarke beams down on a freshman girl wandering Hawkins High School. She's rather short for her age, he thinks. Small. Dark brown curls. A permanent look of astonishment on her face.

"Hi," the girl murmurs. She clings possessively to her stack of textbooks in her arms.

"You look a little lost," Mr. Clarke explains, offering a relaxing smile. Being helpful is part of his nature as a teacher. "That's okay. It's my first day too." He leads her down the rowdy, crowded hallway, walking side-by-side and at a good distance. "I used to teach science classes at the middle school, but I finally got a transfer. Are you signed up for all of your classes this semester?"

"Yes."

"Wonderful!" Mr. Clarke's eyes crinkle in amusement. "You look familiar—did you ever go to Hawkins Middle School?" he asks. When the girl avoids his eyes purposely and scuffs her boots, Mr. Clarke adds, "Or someone you know? I could have sworn—"

Out of nowhere, Mike Wheeler barrels himself past two older boys, getting punched in the arm for it.

"El—*uuh*—"

He falters, blushing when she mouths '*Jane*' with an exasperated stare.

"Jane—sorry, ha," Mike corrects himself, laughing awkwardly. "I keep mixing you up with, *uuhh*, the other new kid. Ellen."

"Good morning, Michael."

"Morning, Mr. Clarke."

"I didn't know you were part of the Student Welcoming Committee," Mr. Clarke says, tilting up an eyebrow in disbelief. It doesn't help that Mike flounders some more, wincing and stammering, grabbing urgently onto Jane's arm.

"Yeah, well, *uhhhh*—c'mon, we're gonna be late for homeroom," Mike babbles, tugging on her. "I'll show you where the bathrooms are." He heads towards the opposite end of the hallway and where Mr. Clarke knows the bathrooms definitely aren't. It's bothering him slightly. Not knowing where he has seen Jane before. He rarely forgets a face. Especially from his classes.

Mr. Clarke snaps his fingers, nodding. He waves with his usual bright demeanor, as Jane turns her head and stare back.

"Very nice to see you again, *Eleanor!*"

And as expected, Jane blanches and Mike nearly trips over himself up the staircase, running faster.

These kids.

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Stranger Things isn't mine. Requested by lalalaur'sland: "Eleven's first day of High School (feat. our boi Mr. Clarke)." Very cute. I hope you like it's cute too!